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Aid for Rural Areas

"The most important missing tool in the Department of Agriculture's rural development tool kit is the authority to make loans and grants for job-creating enterprises."

In these words William Murray, NRECA's legislative representative for rural area development, pointed up rural America's most pressing problem in a hearing before the House Agriculture Committee.

"We believe," the National Rural Electric Cooperative Assn. spokesman said, "the most significant feature of the legislation being considered by this committee is the authority for the Department . . . to finance industrial and commercial enterprises. Therefore, we would stress this authority be comprehensive enough to insure it has the impact needed to turn around the situation in rural America."

Here are some of the comments and suggestions Murray made to the Committee:

— Assign responsibility for a nationwide rural development program to the Department of Agriculture, including responsibility for coordination with other Federal agencies and with state and local organizations. One of the main reasons that rural development has not been as successful as it should have been is that no one agency or department has been given the primary role of leadership.

— Authorize the Department of Agriculture to participate in loans and grants with other Federal, state and private lending agencies.

— Rename and restructure the Department. A "Department of Agriculture and Rural Development" would more clearly reflect the rural development mission this legislation would give the Department. Since the Farmers Home Administration (FmHA) would be carrying out most of the new programs, it also should be restructured and renamed.

— Authorize the Department of Agriculture to fund non-metropolitan planning and development districts, including funding for employing permanent staff.

— Provide FMHA with research and development capability in various phases of rural development and particularly in the fields of water, sewer, housing and industrial development. Allow FmHA housing loans, now limited to families with adjusted gross incomes of \$8,000 or less, for families with \$8,000 to \$12,000 incomes.

— Authorize appropriations committees to set levels of insured programs. Successful rural development will require billions of dollars. Lack of sufficient funding has been one of the main reasons for the slow progress in revitalizing rural communities. While the proposed legislation could make available financial assistance on the tremendous scale necessary, it will remain with the Administration to determine annually the level of the funding for all the proposed legislation since they will be financed through insured loans, not through Congressional appropriations. Experience shows that the Administration has not set the level of the FmHA insured loan program at realistic levels.

— Eliminate the \$100-million ceiling on the Agricultural Credit Insurance Fund or raise it to over \$500-million.



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When Will Christmas Bring Peace?

Christmas comes so quickly after a boy becomes a man, it seems only a few years ago that I flew on Christmas in a fleet of cargo planes and gliders carrying supplies to an American force besieged in Bastogne.

On that Christmas in 1944, the victory which had been within our grasp was being snatched from us. The Wehrmacht, supposedly on the brink of collapse, had broken through the Ardennes with unexpected strength. Frigid temperatures, snow storms and the Ardennes' forests and rugged terrain hampered our reaction to the surprise attack. Hundreds of GIs, many of them cooks, clerks and rear echelon personnel hastily thrown into combat, died in the bitter fighting which would be remembered as "The Battle of the Bulge."

Germans wearing captured American uniforms and speaking English infiltrated our units and positions. As the battle raged, Bastogne became a symbol of American tenacity and courage. When the encircling Germans demanded Bastogne's troops surrender, the American commander replied "Nuts," and a legend was born.

And so on Christmas I flew to Bastogne. The 101st Airborne Infantry in and around the town in southeastern Belgium had to have food, weapons, gasoline, ammunition and medicines immediately or Bastogne, and all it had come to stand for, would be lost.

The packs of supplies which would be dropped by parachute were scrawled with Christmas greetings and earthy messages of encouragement. The gliders were filled with artillery, shells, jeeps and other equipment too bulky to handle in chute packs.

I went in with the gliders anticipating the story I, as the one correspondent on the supply mission, would write. By the time I was able to file my piece, it was carried only as a delayed sidebar. The big news already had spread around the world; McCaulliffe, the general who said "Nuts" had become a hero.

I would not tell the story now except that we, the American people, had hoped the war which made Bastogne memorable would be our last. Instead, we have rarely known a Christmas since on which we have not been either on the brink of war or fighting wars few of us understand and only the chauvinists among us ever wanted.

We have fought and we are fighting, always in the name of peace, and now on another Christmas we are still fighting and dying, and the peace we all pray for still eludes us.

Jim Chaney

COVER—The Christmas angel sets December's theme. One of the many treasures of the North Carolina Museum of Art, this wood polychrome was created by the German Egid Quirin Asam around 1732 and was given to the Museum by the Mary Duke Biddle Foundation. So many of you asked for copies suitable for framing when we used the Angel on our cover in December, 1967 we're printing it, without lettering, on page 19, so that you may clip out the page and mount it in a frame.

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TARHEEL RURAL LINES

a commentary on events and issues important
to consumer-owners of EMCs/by J. C. Brown Jr

Cooperatives and Better Rural Life

The N.C. State Grange demonstrated again, at its 43rd annual convention, its concern for the needs of rural people. Resolutions adopted during the convention spoke not only for North Carolina's farmers but for all the people of many occupations who are represented by the members of the nation's old rural service fraternity.

Resolutions relating to cooperatives illustrate the scope of Grange concern. These said in part:

"Cooperatives have served the needs of Americans from the beginnings of our nation's history, and have contributed substantially to the growth of our free enterprise economy. They are inherently part of the American tradition and they are the means by which people work together to achieve goals beyond their reach as individuals.

"Using cooperative organizations and corporations, both urban and rural Americans have been able to provide themselves benefits which in turn have benefited all Americans . . .

"The success of cooperatives throughout the years holds the greatest hope for the American farmer if the family farm is to survive in the face of the growing threat of integrated and corporate farming. Only by joining together and pooling their resources and resolve can the working farmer and farm family retain independence and exert influence on the tightening market in which many farmers today are operating at a deficit.

"... the N. C. State Grange . . . urges farmers to avoid the pitfalls of producing under contract for corporate operations and to form and support viable production cooperatives to the end that they may . . . realize a reasonable return on their investments and labor. Such cooperatives, owned and controlled by farmers, would give farmers the bargaining power necessary to escape the serfdom of corporate farming . . . and allow them, rather than corporations, to determine their own future . . .

"The solution to the crises in the cities lies in creating in rural America the jobs, facilities and services necessary both to keep people from migrating from rural areas to already overcrowded urban areas and encourage those now living in cities, without jobs or hope, to migrate to the country.

"Rural electric cooperatives have, for more than 30 years, been leaders in rural development. Now however, their ability to attain their objectives is being crippled by restrictive policies of the National Administration. Rural electrification loan funds appropriated by Congress are being withheld or allocated in such a manner and under such conditions as to impede the rural electrification program and create financial hardship for the electric cooperatives.

"The Grange . . . calls upon the President and his Administration to release rural electrification funds as intended by Congress; to make it possible for electric cooperatives to fully serve their members' needs and continue their leadership in rural development, and to encourage efforts by electric cooperatives to win acceptance of a national power policy, in which they will have equal opportunity with other segments of the electric industry, to assure the nation of the abundance of dependable low cost electricity needed in the growing years ahead."

Rural and urban leaders observed Co-op Month with a breakfast in Charlotte Oct. 7. A highlight of the program was presentation of the "Cooperatives Care" Award by the Farmers Cooperative Council to Blue Ridge Electric Membership Corp. for "outstanding contributions in building a better life for people" in its area. Pictured at right are: Harry B. Caldwell, executive vice president of the Council; Charlotte Mayor John Belk; C. E. Viverette, Blue Ridge EMC general manager, and Undersecretary of Agriculture Phil Campbell, speaker at the breakfast.



Consumerism Isn't Anti-Business

By Bryan Haislip

N. C. Assn. of Afternoon Dailies

Ben Franklin's dictum that we hang together or we all hang separately is the philosophy behind the North Carolina Consumers Council.

It exists as a united force for those who go into the marketplace to buy. Through education, and other activities, it attempts to aid the shopper in spending his money wisely and with confidence.

One of those responsible for hanging together the consumer interests represented on the Council, Rep. Richard S. Clark of Union, legislative consumer champion and the Council's past president, was honored Oct. 26 at an appreciation dinner.

Laudatory speakers included Atty. Gen. Robert Morgan, whose activity in consumer protection roughly parallels the Council's three-year existence, and Rep. Carl Steward of Gaston, House Banking Committee chairman and Clark's General Assembly colleague.

In last spring's session, Clark authored and steered through to enactment against heavy odds a consumer finance law with broad new safeguards, a landmark in consumer protection legislation.

A first misconception about the Council to clear away is that it's anti-business, said Mrs. Peggy Shriver of Raleigh, the current president. Honest businessmen and informed consumers are in partnership, not conflict, under the American free enterprise system.

Somehow, she conceded, an impression to the contrary gets around. "You hear talk of 'consumerism' as though it were some kind of disease," she said.

"Well, if it is a disease, everybody's got it. When he leaves his office, the businessman becomes a consumer, too."

A tide of consumer frustration brought the Council into being. People felt powerless in the marketplace, confused by pricing and packaging, misled by advertising. They looked for a place to turn for accurate information and reliable guidance.

The N. C. Consumers Council got its charter in March 1968. Betty Furness, then Presidential advisor on consumer affairs, came to Raleigh for the Council's first annual

meeting. An aide from her Washington office also helped with the organization.

Today, individual memberships number approximately 500. Across the state there are also corporate memberships, such as the state AFL-CIO, the Credit Union League, Tarheel Electric Membership Association, women's club organizations and others. An annual dues structure provides the income, not enough for a paid staff, but sufficient for a newsletter, lobbying activity and some modest research and study projects.

The tide that led to the Council's formation is running and rising, Mrs. Shriver said. It could either give impetus for effective action, she speculated, or else turn into apathy for further frustration.

Restive consumers make waves and stir political currents. Candidates for public offices are alert to the issue and eager to find a place on the bandwagon.

The Council is non-partisan. It's 25-member board of directors includes Rep. Charles Taylor of Transylvania, a Republican, as well as Rep. Clark, a Democrat.

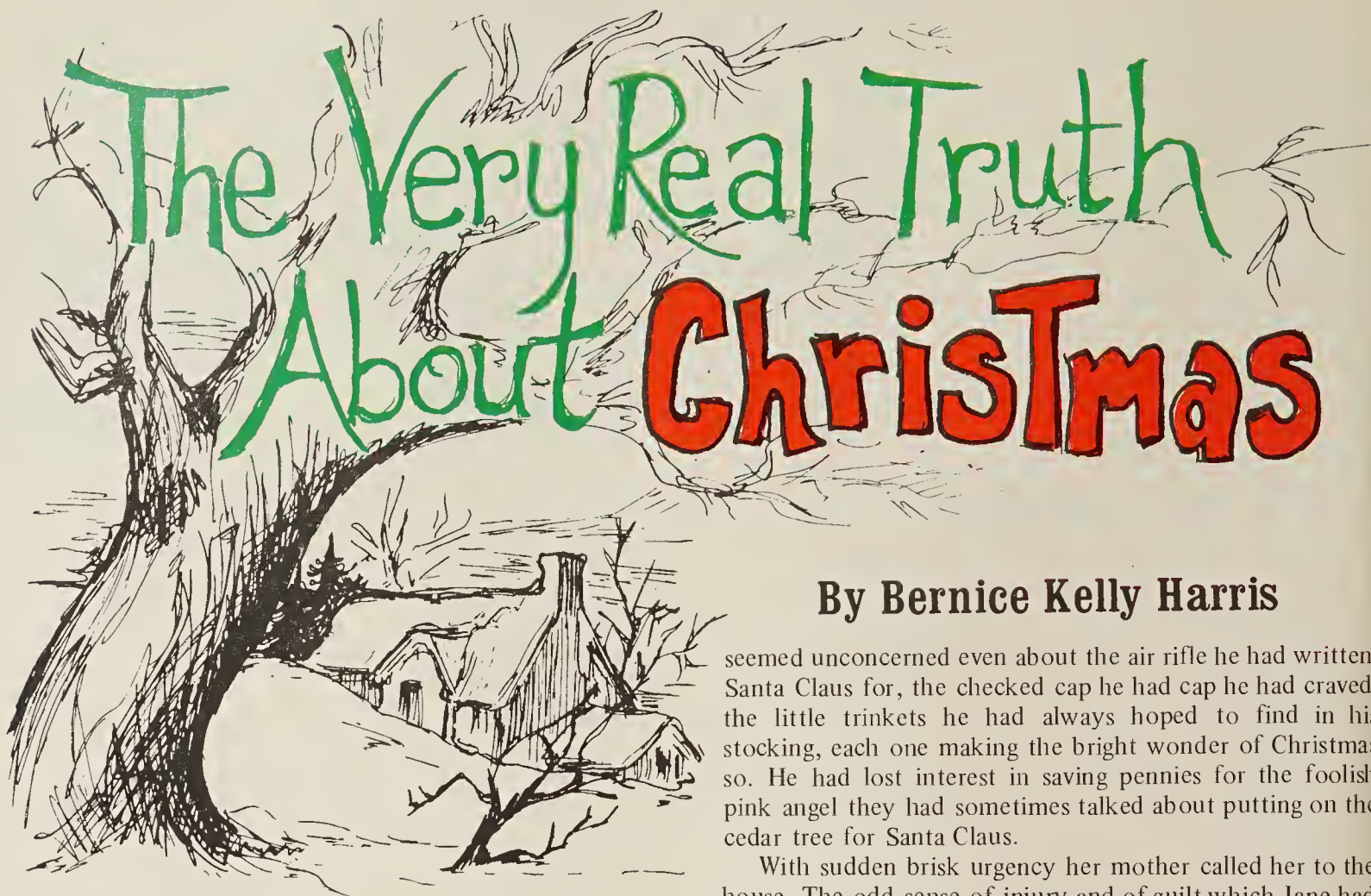
Board membership is a cross-section of interests, including housewives, businessmen, academic types, rural leaders, a doctor, a labor leader, with more than token representation of blacks and women. "It's a good mix. We don't always agree on the approach," said Mrs. Shriver, "but we have the benefit of many points of view."

A primary role for the Council is that of coordinator and stimulator, providing information and initiating action. It seeks to educate the public on available avenues of consumer protection, as well as developing needed laws and programs.

"Let the buyer beware" was the old slogan. The N. C. Consumers Council operates on the new doctrine: "Let the buyer be informed."

Armed with knowledge, Mrs. Shriver said, the consumer can make his choice with assurance that he gets what he pays for. That, she added, ought to be the goal for a sound, fair system.

(You can help make the N.C. Consumers Council more effective by joining it. Send your name and full address with \$3 for a family membership to: N.C. Consumers Council, P. O. Box 1982, Raleigh, N. C. 27602.)



By Bernice Kelly Harris

It is December 24; it is Christmas Eve; it is Santa Claus night.

Jane kept affirming the words to herself. Then, as though to make them so in the old glad sense, she moved her fingers up and down the window sill, playing resolutely:

"Silent night, holy night,

All is calm, all is bright

Round yon Virgin Mother and Child—"

From her earliest memory Jane had created keyboards out of window sills, and from one Christmas Eve to the next they had served to ease her anxious waiting and hoping for a little toy piano from Santa Claus.

This Christmas Eve, though, Jane would get nothing but hollow sound out of the window sill. So much was becoming hollow sound, so much of late was unreality. Jimmy's fretful confusion over Santa Claus night, even more than Jane's own fading dream of a little toy piano from the North Pole, made this so.

Abruptly, Jane left her unfinished chores in the house and moved out to the yard palings. She gazed wistfully at the little cedar tree under which she and Jimmy last Christmas had found reindeer tracks. Although The Night was at hand now, her little brother had vehemently refused to sweep a clean space under the tree for the reindeer. He

Carolina Country's editor first has the pleasure of publishing this year's Christmas story before he retired as Sunday editor of The News and Observer. In 1961, Doubleday brought it out as a book. We are reprinting it for your Christmas pleasure with the permission of Doubleday & Co. Inc. Illustrations copyright 1961 Doubleday & Co. Mrs. Harris, who lives at Seaboard, is the author of several books and directs an adult creative writing group at Chowan College.

seemed unconcerned even about the air rifle he had written. Santa Claus for, the checked cap he had cap he had craved, the little trinkets he had always hoped to find in his stocking, each one making the bright wonder of Christmas so. He had lost interest in saving pennies for the foolish pink angel they had sometimes talked about putting on the cedar tree for Santa Claus.

With sudden brisk urgency her mother called her to the house. The odd sense of injury and of guilt which Jane had recently been feeling toward adults stirred again now at the patterned reproof she knew was awaiting her inside the kitchen.

"If she talks about the North Pole and reindeer and Santa Claus," Jane was saying to herself, "if she says Santa knows whether children have been good or not, whether or not little girls have finished their chores on Christmas Eve, I'll tell her what Jimmy heard in the cloakroom at school. And I'll ask her straight out if it's so. And then I'll tell Jimmy!"

Her mother told her to lick the cake bowl. Strangely that was all she said.

Mechanically Jane lifted the spoon in response to the old ritual of licking the cake bowl. At first she was unaware of the spicy goodness of the raw cake batter left sticking to the sides and bottom of the bowl. But presently the taste of raisins and black walnuts and ground spices became real and delicious as on other Christmas Eves since she was a very small child. She began breathing in the rich odors of cooking over the room. An old bacon ham was simmering in its juices on the stove; a batch of yeasty bread dough was rising in the pan; the buttery cake just out of the oven made a savory steam through the kitchen.

Jane edged nearer the wonder and goodness of Christmas. She felt for the moment the precious regaining of all that had been so. She wanted Jimmy to share with her this reality.

There was all at once an impulse to deck the halls, to extend the area of greenery. On the impulse Jane hurried out to gather ivy for the kitchen mantel, a new place for garlands. Unable to reach that high, she dragged in the little

stepladder from the hall closet, so that she could twine ivy above the fireplace.

"Stop! That ladder's too much of a load for you to carry!" her mother remonstrated. "Don't you know you'll hurt your back and be laid up for Christmas?" She rushed forward to take the load on herself. "Child! Child—!" she scolded. Her voice was kind.

Later, as Jane tidied the living room fireplace, she was reminded of the Christmas morning when long before day she and Jimmy had discovered in the cold ashes of the hearth the imprint of Santa Claus's foot. Oh, the wonder of that footprint, she was remembering, as clear and lifelike as their father's own! At the memory Jane turned quickly away from the fireplace.

She busied herself moving in and out of the kitchen. She breathed in the rich savor of Christmas cooking. She polished tableware that was already shining. She scrubbed the watershelf on the porch. She filled a tray with Christmas winesaps. She laid fire for Santa Claus morning. It did not make the old wonder of Christmas so, only a little less not-so.

Finally she went back to the kitchen. "Is there another cake bowl I could lick?" she asked her mother with her mother with a kind of desperation in her voice.

"Too much raw cake batter will make you sick, child. And Jimmy—if he keeps staying out in this wind he'll get the croup for Christmas. Am I going to have to write a note to Santa Claus and tell him to leave medicine this year instead of—?"

Jane left hurriedly before her mother finished. She strolled back into the yard. Jimmy was not in sight. The road was empty. The sand stretched from the yard gate toward the creek woods, where school children said a woman lay sick with a strange ailment. The rock hill above the meadow looked bleak and remote in the cold sunshine. The bottom thicket stood alone and dismal over the deserted graveyard with its tarnished angel. The pines against the hard blue of the sky were shadowy and unreal today.

What was so, and what was not-so? Jane kept asking herself.

At dinnertime Jimmy came in from the store with their father. They laid several packages on the table. Jane overheard her parents chiding each other for not buying something for themselves. He should have spent some of his change on a new hat, she said, his old one was downright shabby. He told her she needed new shoes a sight worse. Both spoke of how short money always got this time of year. The two adults exchanged glances, then suddenly they were laughing together for no reason at all.

"I bought a little candy and fruit at the store—" he glanced teasingly at the children— "just in case Santa Claus is too poor this year to get 'round this far."

Jane and Jimmy exchanged glances. They did not laugh.

"No place is too far for Santa Claus!" their mother cried. "And no children too poor— that is, if they've been good," she added.

Then the adults talked about the North Pole and of reindeer.

Suddenly Jane felt sick. She went to the porch for a drink of water. Jimmy followed her.



"I know what's in every single package he bought at the store," Jimmy whispered. "Not one thing to hide away from us!"

"It can't be so, what those boys whispered in the cloakroom," Jane made herself declare. If only it had been whispered to her instead of to Jimmy. It only he had two more years of reindeer tracks and all, even one more year—!

"There may be something hid here in the house, though. Let's look as soon as there's a chance," Jimmy said.

Early that afternoon their father and mother rode off to the creek woods to take food to the sick woman. "Keep the fires going," their mother bade them as she left. "Son't strow. And don't plunder while we're away."

Jimmy faced his sister. "How come Mama to say not plunder," he demanded, "unless there's something hid?"

Jane had had the same thought. Yet hadn't there been the wonder of this night ever since she could remember? Hadn't there been the reindeer tracks under the little cedar tree? Hadn't there been Santa Claus's footprints in the cold ashes of the hearth? Hadn't there been the knowing, the warm sure knowing it was all so?

"Why, Mama says not plunder," Jane declared stoutly, "any old time!"

Jimmy was not diverted. He had his mind set on searching. Hane held back.

He was insistent. He had to prove things.

Abruptly Jane agreed. What was so and not-so had to be

settled. To lose in a moment could be no worse than to about to lose all the time.

With dogged thoroughness she led the search. From room to room they moved purposefully, from closet to closet, from bureau to bureau. They found keys to fit and unlock the likely hiding places. They opened the trunk in the back room that held strange papers about land and deeds. Jimmy moved on, but Jane lingered over the tarnished trinkets, over the yellowed cambric with the fine stitches and crocheting, over the tintype picture of her mother when she was a girl.

The colors were as clear as Jane remembered them before her mother locked the picture up in the trunk. "Oh, that was when I was a girl," she had explained to the children. Involuntarily she had put her hands over her dull streaked hair, as though to cover it up. In the picture the face was framed by a dark mist of shining hair, the cheeks were softly rounded and smooth, the lips smiling, the eyes dreamy. Jane glanced from the eyes to the pretty white dress with the lace bertha. She gazed at the dainty black shoes on the girl's feet.

And the girl was her mother.

The girl was Mama . . . Jane recalled how Jimmy had looked from the dark hair and softly rounded face of the picture to the sharp angles of his mother's face and her dull streaked hair and flatly declared, "I don't believe it!" As though ashamed she had ever been a girl, their mama had taken the tintype out of the red plush album and hidden it away out of sight.

"You looked like an angel then," Jane whispered to the picture, "before you worked so hard." Shyly she laid her cheek against the warm loveliness of the face. But the tintype was so cold it stung.

Her mother's face was doubtless cold now, Jane thought, since she was out in the cold, visiting the sick. Her feet, too, with those old shoes on.

Jane laid the picture away in the trunk and locked it.

"Come here!" Jimmy called excitedly from their parents' room. "Quick!"

Jimmy was standing before the high wardrobe in one corner, as though he had treed the quarry.

"One side's locked," he cried. "Find a key!"

The lock would not yield to any key they could find. That was proof for Jimmy. Jane told him it didn't have to mean the wardrobe was a hiding place. An idea was beginning to stir in her consciousness since she had gazed at the girl her mother had been in the tintype picture. The woman that girl had grown into was not beautiful, as Jimmy had implied, yet their mama was beautiful in a way. Couldn't it be that things were not altogether not-so, even if they were not-so?

It had to be one or the other for Jimmy. He climbed through the opened side of the wardrobe and eased himself along the shelf into the locked side. Finally, when he had satisfied himself that the wardrobe contained nothing but bedquilt squares and camphor gum and old clothes, he let Jane help him climb back to the shelf and then to the floor again.

She sighed in relief.

"We haven't looked in the loft," Jimmy said. He stared speculatively at the trap door in the ceiling.

"It's too high," Jane said.

"You can stand on a table."

"Too low."

"There's a stepladder. Get it!" he cried.

She hesitated an instant longer. Then she helped him bring it from the hall closet.

They placed the ladder directly under the slide door to the loft. Jimmy was not tall enough to push the door open. Even Jane had to stand on the big catalogue book to see into the opening.

The little gable window gave enough light.

"You find something?" Jimmy called at the foot of the ladder.

She did not speak or move.

"What is it?" he shouted in tense excitement.

Still there was silence.

"Tell me quick! Is something hid up there?" Jimmy started to climb. "I'm coming up!"

"No," she called down to him. "Don't."

"Tell me, then —!"

"You want to know what's up here?" Her muffled words seemed to be coming from far away. "Spider webs and dirt-dobbers' nests and old rags — That's what is up here, Jimmy."

He relaxed his hold on the ladder. For an instant he looked up in silence.

"Spider webs and dirt-dobbers' nests and old rags?" he repeated after her as though they were good news.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, then —" Jimmy said.

Jane closed the trap door. "No need to look any longer, Jimmy."

"Nowhere else to look," he said. "We've searched everywhere."

"Are you satisfied now?" she asked.

"Are you?"

(Continued on page 23)





President Archie Bunch

By John H. Moore

Editor, The Laurinburg Exchange

If a man has the determination and loves the simple life, he can make a success of rural living. Hard work is a requirement, but there are lots of rewards for those who establish families in the farm areas of North Carolina."

Voicing those words was Archie W. Bunch, a man of broad experience, a long time member of the Board of Directors of Pee Dee Electric Membership Corporation of Wadesboro and the new president of Tarheel Electric Membership Association. This man of the soil has stuck to his initial calling all his life. If he could rechart his life's course, he would make few changes.

What course did Archie take? How successful has he been? What makes the man tick who now heads the statewide organization of North Carolina's consumer-owned electric co-ops?

A native of Marlboro County, S. C., Archie moved to Scotland County after marrying Sadie Rachels, and began in 1932 a struggle in those depression years that has led to a full measure of happiness and achievement.

From a cotton, tobacco and corn grower near the community of Laurel Hill, he adjusted with the times and stuck it out in spite of temptation and discouragement.

"Archie, you're going to starve to death if you don't get away from this

HE WOULDN'T GIVE UP

poor sandy soil, one of his best friends pleaded." The tall man with the quick grin paled a bit as he had at other "sound" counsel. Then he renewed his determination.

"Now," he says, "I'm certain I was right. A generation has passed and I'm doing pretty well."

As one of Scotland County's most distinguished self-made men, Archie served four years as a member of the Scotland County Board of County Commissioners. Two of those years he was singularly recognized by his fellow commissioners for his leadership. They accorded him the chairman's chair.

He is a lay leader in the Laurel Hill United Methodist Church, and his intuition, ready wit and personality have placed him in good stead among civic and farm organizations. A willing and competent community worker, he has held positions of leadership in mental health, bi-racial organizations, the chamber of commerce, the school board and as president of the Lions Club.

He has been active as a 4-H director, chairman of his local soil and water conservation committee, a director of the Farm Bureau, ASCS committeeman and supervisor in the Farm Security Administration. He is president of North Carolina's oldest local farm organization, the Scotland County Farmers Club, first vice president of the Soil and Water Conservation Service of North Carolina and is due to become its president in January.

He's been a faithful Democrat all his life and isn't about to change. "I don't go along with those," he said, "who say the trend is away from party loyalty."

Like many other men who love the land and what it means to humanity, Archie Bunch is apt to reflect on a moment's notice on what it has meant to him and what the future holds for others with a longing for rural life.

A former dairy farmer who made a success of it for the better part of two decades, Archie has no regrets about selling out. He had a taste of both the producing and distribution end of dairying and came to the conclusion

"only those with a great deal of capital and those who are equipped to go into it in a big way should get into the dairy business."

Archie now has a small beef cattle and hog operation, growing most of his own feed. He also has a fish pond. And it's a profitable sideline.

"It's a very good way to supplement your income, by charging people to fish," he said. "As a matter of fact, I have plans to build a second pond for this purpose."

Because of what he calls the "surprising number of people who are moving to the country to find homes," Archie sells lots in selected spots on his farm for home-building. He says this doesn't hurt the value of his remaining property at all.

Familiar with planning and programming, Archie finds his experience as a county commissioner has been invaluable in establishing a sound perspective for his area.

"The future of our rural areas," he said, "rests much on development of water and sewer systems, on acceptance of sound government programs that promote development, and on a degree of county zoning.

"Zoning will be a good thing for rural areas in my county, and likely in most other counties of North Carolina. Zoning and the establishment of water systems are bound to come, and they will prove a blessing for all concerned."

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Bunch hardly consider themselves "old folks," but their three sons and daughter have grown up and established homes in other communities. This, Archie said, leads to quite a bit of traveling between homes for visiting.

Not much of a hunter, and no golfer, Archie, with Sadie by his side, may be seen from time to time on the highways. They own a camper that is seldom parked on the farm for too long at one time. Visits to the children, to the coast "for a bit of fishing and relaxing" and an occasional visit to a distant state help fill the gaps left because of reduced family responsibilities.

(Continued on page 23)

A NEW COALITION

Rural America's Ultimate

Take one former Agriculture Secretary, one ex-Secretary of the Army, one of the Rockefeller brothers, several other of the nation's top industrialists, two state university presidents, a few labor leaders, some farm representatives, assorted bank presidents, eight former governors, and what do you get?

The directors of a lobby-action group which may redirect the course of rural America.

This group, called the Coalition for Rural America, held its organizational meeting September 7 in Washington, with messages of encouragement from two Senators and President Nixon.

Officers were named, general commitments were set down, the very broadest requirements for membership were laid out (no geographic, economic, professional, or party limitations), and priority was assigned to immediate legislative issues.

"I cannot remember," NRECA's Legislative Director Kermit Overby (himself a board member of the coalition) said, "any other national improvement group beginning with a wider, more experienced, or powerful a representation than this one. As an effective voice for rural America this coalition has the potential to be the all-time ultimate lobby."

Speak Out Strongly

Senator James Pearson (R. Kans.), whose legislative proposals have included the Rural Job Development Act and the Rural Community Development Bank, offered the new group his promise of support, and

noted the importance of speaking out strongly.

"In developing your organization," Pearson said, "take care that it doesn't become a machine to attack the big cities. But at the same time you want to make sure that it is, in fact, solidly, thoroughly, and unashamedly pro-rural. You want to avoid opening up a new divisiveness in American politics. But, as many of you know full well, competition is the stuff of politics. You have defined the rural American community as your turf and you should aggressively defend and promote it."

Senator Hubert Humphrey (D. Minn.), chairman of the recently established rural development subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, noted that the coalition's degree of success would depend in large part on its effectiveness in pushing government to do what it has promised.

Congress Is Waiting

"The Congress," Humphrey noted, "instructed the Secretary of Transportation in the Airport and Airway Development Act of 1970 to develop a national transportation policy to coordinate the development and improvement of all modes of transportation, with priorities assigned to the development and improvement of each. To date the Congress has not yet received the Department's report in that regard, despite the fact that it was due on May 21st of this year."

He also noted that "Under title IX of the Agricultural Act of 1970 the

Congress directed all departments and agencies of the executive branch to develop policies and procedures with respect to the future location of Federal facilities and offices, giving preference to areas of lower population density. The President's report to Congress citing the progress toward implementing these directives also is past due."

Observers at the first meeting noted that the coalition, from the outset, seemed bent on following the courses suggested by the two Senators.

Coalition Board Chairman Edward Breathitt, former governor of Kentucky, said, "I do not see our coalition as a study group. I do not see it as some new research organization. This does not mean that we will not study and we will not conduct research. But the problems of rural America have been studied and proved and considered and pondered by so many organizations and so many individuals for so many years that I do not think that it is in this area that we can do the most good. We need to be an action organization. We need to be educators, persuaders, advocates, even arm-twisters, rather than researchers."

Priorities Are Important

Coalition President Norbert Tie-mann, former governor of Nebraska, said, "My suggestion is that we limit ourselves, at the outset, to a few top priority legislative issues on which we concentrate our full attention. I suggest they should be three in number. All three are hot. All three

Lobby?

are current. All three are crucial to the future of the areas for which we speak."

Tiemann listed taxes, credit, and public works.

"If ever there was a time to establish the principle of a differential tax incentive for investment in non-metropolitan areas, it is this fall," he said, "when the Congress will be considering the President's proposal for an investment credit for industry in general."

On the subject of credit, he noted: "Every program for non-metropolitan development that I have seen acknowledges that development will not take place without an improvement in the availability of credit. Non-agricultural enterprises in rural areas are at the same disadvantages as agricultural enterprises in tapping the money markets of the nation. The need of agriculture was recognized a half century ago, and the elaborate farm credit system was established. Now we should recognize the corresponding need for non-agricultural credit. President Nixon's task force on rural development, headed by Mrs. Haven Smith, made a strong recommendation on this subject two years ago. There is every reason to act without further delay in the field of credit."

Message of Welcome

Of public works, Tiemann said: "The principal act authorizing Federal assistance for the public works that are basic to economic development—the Public Works and Economic Development Act—has been temporarily ex-



Seven members of the Coalition for Rural America, (left front row) Former Agricultural Secretary Orville Freeman, former governors Harold LeVander of Minnesota, Norbert Tiemann of Nebraska, Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas, (back row) Robert E. McNair of South Carolina, Frank Farrar of South Dakota and Edward T. Breathitt of Kentucky discuss strategies for rural development.

tended. Hearings are going to be held on basic revision of that act for the longer term . . . The non-metropolitan regions that are the beneficiaries of the act should be heard from—through us—when the revised act is moving through the Congress."

Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin read a message of welcome from President Nixon to the coalition, which said in part:

"Our aim in this decade is to assist in creating greater job opportunities, broadening community services, uplifting the quality of living, and speeding up the social, economic and physical progress of the small cities, towns, villages and farm communities in America.

"Basic to the success of this effort is a close partnership embracing the Federal Government, rural citizens, local governments and the nation's industries and business community. Any step in this direction is a step forward in the goals we share for our rural areas and for the well-being of the entire nation of which they are

such a vital part.

"In this spirit, I welcome the new Coalition for Rural Development."

R. B. Patteson, senior vice president of the Wachovia Bank & Trust Co., Kinston, N. C., was chosen treasurer of the coalition, and Mark Freeman, a Washington executive in development groups, was named executive director.

Get 'Em on Record

Of the immediate future, Coalition President Tiemann said:

"I suggest as a major aim for 1972 that we get the candidates on record before the conventions, that we get the parties on record through their platforms, and that we get the nominees who emerge from those conventions on record that non-metropolitan development and balanced national growth will get the priority attention they deserve. Then we can devote 1973 to getting those platforms and those campaign promises carried into action."

Ted Shepherd

This year while you still have a few unclaimed days before the Christmas holidays, you may be interested in making some new ornaments for your tree. It's surprising how a few pieces this year, a gift from a friend next year, combined with the lovingly made offerings of your children, will soon result in a very special and uniquely decorated tree. But best of all, as the years go by and your collection grows, you'll find many warm memories of Christmases gone by still lingering to be shared again in the form of these handmade ornaments. And quite often these ornaments become heirlooms in their own right to be passed on.

The following instructions and ideas are some that have been exhibited this year and in past years at the Albemarle Craftsman's Fair in Elizabeth City by homemakers shown in pictures like Mrs. H.T. Lewis (chairman-elect of the 1972 Fair), Mrs. Doris Cooper, Mrs. L.V. Sawyer and Mrs. Frank Eason. Other ornament-crafters include Miss Audrey Tuttle, Mrs. W.E. Lewis, Mrs. Gid Stapes, Mrs. L.H. Sawyer and Miss Deborah Ann Davis.

Egg Shell Ornaments

Emptying Eggs

Use an ice pick to peck a hole in side of egg. The hole must be large enough to empty contents. Any egg with shell strong enough to work with may be used (chicken, turkey, duck, goose, guinea). Empty contents (eggs may be used if

fresh), and remove membrane from bottom (large end of shell) then rinse inside of shell.

Cutting Egg Shells

Cut the opening in egg shell to desired shape and size, following contour of shell. Use manicure scissors. Cut from the far side of shell taking off a little bit at a time. You may have to cut around shell several times, but when cutting is finished, edge of opening should be smooth. A good hint to remember is that an egg shell cuts better immediately after being emptied. If the shell has dried and hardened, soak it in water for an hour or two before cutting. It must dry before it is lined or covered.

Lining Egg Shells

Melt wax (old candles or paraffin) in small container set in hot water. Spoon melted wax into egg shell and turn it to distribute wax evenly over entire inside surface of shell. Pour off remainder of wax. Next sprinkle inside of shell with desired glitter before wax sets.

Covering Egg Shells

Cover egg shell with any of a variety of fabrics (velveteen, brocade, metallic cloth, suede cloth, satin, etc.) Cut narrow bias strip from fabric (width depends on size of egg). Apply smoothly and evenly a craft-type glue that is clear when dry (Weldwood, Sobo, or Elmer's) to area of outside surface of egg shell to be covered by bias. Use tissue to smooth glue to edge of opening.



Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Sawyer with egg shell creations.



Mrs. Cooper covers edge of egg shell with fabric.

g The Tree

Stretch material smoothly around shell lengthwise, beginning and ending at base (large end). Be sure edge of material is even with edge of shell opening. Smooth out all puckers so that material lies flat. Cover back of shell with glue and fit another piece of material on back of shell to finish covering entire surface. Cut off excess material so that edge of bias and edge of back meet.

Decorating Egg Shells

Cover seam with braid, starting and ending at base, making sure that ends fit together neatly. To seal ends, use a drop of glue. Next fit braid around opening of shell (beginning and ending at base) barely extending edge of braid over edge of opening. Remember to put the glue on the back of the braid and not on the shell. Here at the opening you may want to put two braids, one on the outside and one on the inside edge.

Glue in place decorations (medallions, beads, unmounted jewels, etc.), applying glue to back of objects. Tweezers may be needed to handle smaller items. Hold each in place until glue sets.

Attach to top of shell some means of hanging the egg shell ornament, or glue a base on the ornament, if desired, so that it will stand.

Setting Objects In Egg Shells

Use colored candle wax foundations—white snow, green grass, brown earth. Melt wax, and cool until it begins to set. While wax is soft, spoon desired amount in base (large end)

and using tweezers, place objects in soft wax. When wax hardens, objects will be stationary.

Other tree ornaments seen at the Albemarle Craftsman's Fair included:

Stuffed Felt ornaments in the traditional colors of red, green and white from designs inspired by pictures in children's coloring books, etc.

Clothes pin angels with faces painted on the knob of a clamp type clothes pin. The 2 prongs become the legs of the angel which is then dressed like a doll with wings attached.

Butterflies in graduated sizes formed from wire filled gold braid and covered with net which is glued to the wire frame to form wings. When glue is dry the excess net is cut away. Wire forming the body and antenna of the butterfly is then decorated with beads, etc.

Seed pod ornaments made from milk week seed pods gathered in the fall as soon as pods mature and pop open. Remove seed and fuzzy inside. Spray with gold for glittery, festive ornament or with acrylic paint if woodsy scene is to be created. Then glue appropriate trim to outer edge. Secure decorations inside with white all-purpose glue, melted paraffin or candle wax, just as you would for egg shell ornament.

But don't stop here. Take these ideas and, using your own imagination and resources, enlarge upon them to make your tree a work of art.



Mrs. Lewis and tree decorated with handmade ornaments.



Mrs. Eason with stuffed felt angels, butterflies.

CONSUMER NEWS

By Thomas J. Bolch

Chain-letter schemes involving U.S. Savings Bonds have cropped up again in North Carolina. All such schemes are illegal, and you risk criminal prosecution if you become involved in one.

Under the scheme presently making the rounds in North Carolina, participants are required to make an investment of \$75 upon the promise that if the chain is not broken they can gain as much as \$25,000.

The only people who make any money from such schemes are those who begin them. Most participants lose their money, and all risk jail sentences.

Half of the \$75 goes for a \$50 U.S. Savings Bond (which costs \$37.50) and the other half goes to the person who sells you the letter. You are told that you can sell the letter to two other persons and get your initial investment back, and that in the long run you could get as much as \$25,000.

If someone approaches you with a chain-letter scheme, tell them they are violating the law and should attempt to get their money back or, at the very least, break the chain.

Beware of civil service schools. Correspondence courses that promise that you will be able to pass a Civil Service Examination and obtain a government job. You stand to lose \$300 to \$400 by signing up for such a course because if you sign you are obligated to pay whether the course is worthless or not.

Some civil service school salesmen claim they are agents for the Federal Government and are on a recruiting trip. Others claim their school is the only one recognized by the

Federal Government. Others "guarantee" the student will pass the Civil Service Examination and get a government job upon completion of the course.

Names of prospects are frequently obtained by the use of misleading newspaper advertisements which appear to be job openings listed in the "help wanted" columns.

If you are interested in working for the Federal Government, you can get application forms and information on educational requirements and standards to be met for each job classification. Sample examination questions are usually available to help you prepare for the examination. Then you must take a Civil Service Examination for the kind of job you want.

To protect yourself and others, Attorney General Robert Morgan's Consumer Protection Division urges you to remember:

—No special civil service course is required before applying for a job with the government.

—No fee is necessary to take civil service examinations.

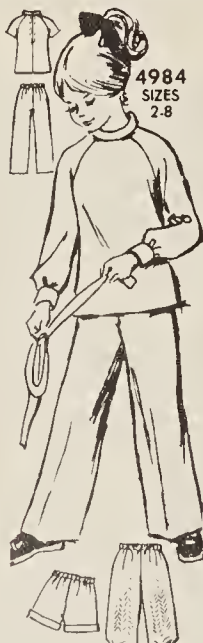
—No school can guarantee that you will pass a civil service examination or get a government job.

—No civil service school or study course has been endorsed by or is connected with the Civil Service Commission or the government, and none received special information about examinations or job openings.

The Attorney General's Consumer Protection Division bases much of its work on information supplied by people like you. If you have been the victim of fraud, deception or sharp dealing, please write to the Division, setting forth the details of what happened. Letters should be addressed to: Mr. Eugene Hafer, Assistant Attorney General, Consumer Protection Division, P. O. Box 629, Raleigh, N.C. 27602.



9290
SIZES 10½-20½



4984
SIZES 2-8



9114
SIZES 34-50

Fashion FAVORITES



9002
SIZES 8-16

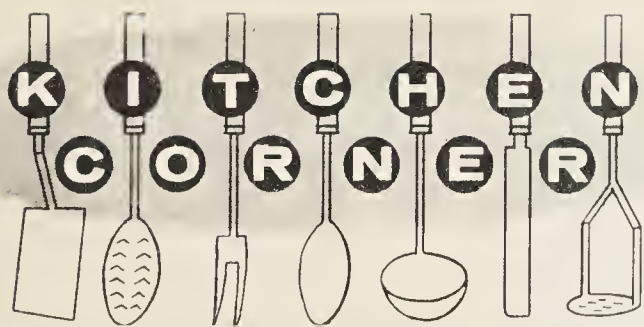
Pattern No. 9290 is cut in sizes 10½, 12½, 14½, 16½, 18½ and 20½.

Pattern No. 4984 is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8.

Pattern No. 9114 is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50.

Pattern No. 9002 is cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16.

Send 75 cents in coin (no stamps) for each pattern to: CAROLINA COUNTRY, Box 42, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N. Y. 10011. For first class mail, add 15 cents for each pattern.



BEST EVER BREAD

Mrs. J.F. Bow of Tabor City is 82 years old and still baking bread. Her recipe, which is her own, was developed over the years by experimenting with many different yeast bread recipes.

The need for this recipe arose when Mrs. Bow and her husband were working with mountain people of North Arkansas who ate little yeast bread. She says that after spending 10 days in the mountains, she and her husband would come home for several days to rest and catch up on correspondence. Time was limited and she needed a recipe for bread that would satisfy their palates and fit into their busy schedule. Mrs. Bow says graham flour can be found at supermarkets or health food stores.

Send your favorite family recipe to: Brenda Sargent, Kitchen Corner, P. O. Box 1699, Raleigh, N. C. 27602. Tell us about yourself and family and give us the name of your electric membership corporation. We pay \$2 for the recipe chosen monthly for this column.

CAROLINA COUNTRY RECIPE

Submitted by Mrs. J. F. Bow, 26 Pireway Rd., Tabor City, N. C. 28463.

BEST BREAD EVER

4 lbs. all purpose flour
2 lbs. graham flour (sift the two together)
5½ cups lukewarm water
2 Tbs. (heaping) salt
1½ cups of sugar
3 Tsp. powdered or ground Cumin
1 cup shortening (Crisco is the best)
3 packages powdered Fleischman's yeast

Sprinkle yeast and two tablespoons of sugar over the warm water and let stand until puffy. Sift flour, sugar and salt into a large container (dishpan).

Make a "well" in the center and put the shortening in it; pour the yeast mixture on top and work with a wooden spoon until well blended. Flour hands well and work until dough is smooth and not sticky. Cover top of pan with a thick cloth and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk.

Work down and divide into equal parts. Put into greased pans, cover and let rise until doubled in bulk, and above top of pans.

Bake in 325° oven for 15 minutes; reduce oven to 300° and continue baking about 40 minutes or until golden brown. Yield: 5 loaves and a pan of rolls or 6 loaves.

Free Patterns



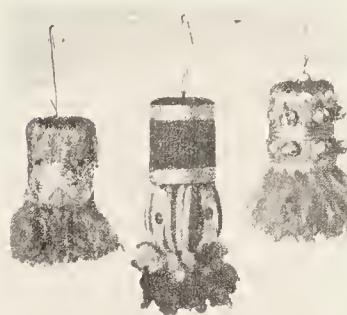
Soldier Doll

This toy soldier is crocheted in red, white and black with gold trim. He is 16-1/2 inches tall.



Plant Pot Cover

The pot cover is cut from felt and covered with beads and stitchery illustrated in the pattern.



Yarn & Spool Ornaments

Made from empty thread spools and yarn and trim, these ornaments are very economical as well as fun.



Angel

Crochet this angel in pink or white and trim in gold. Foam mountings are used for stuffing.

To:

The Carolina Homemaker This pattern offer expires
P. O. Box 1699 February 15, 1972
Raleigh, N. C. 27602

Please send me the pattern instructions I have checked below I am enclosing a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope bearing an 8-cent stamp. (Two such envelopes are required for more than 4 patterns.)

☐ Soldier Doll

☐ Christmas Plant Pot Cover

☐ Angel

☐ Yarn & Spool Ornaments

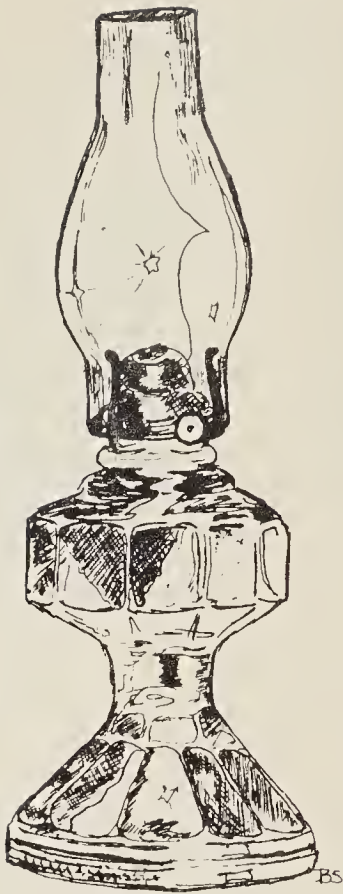
My name is: _____

Address: _____

Comment; if any: _____

The name of my EMC is: _____

Lamps In My Life



Have you ever heard the sound of a lamp chimney or shade smashing to bits on the floor, or the tinkle of glass as a small oval chip drops out as you, Oh, so carefully wash and rinse one, and heard your mother say, "Well, child, do be careful. Were you careless?"

And have you ever removed the burner from the bowl and noticed the wick patched with a piece of thick cloth, making it reach and draw up the last few drops of kerosene which was used as fuel? Then there was the small strip of red flannel you also noticed in the bottom of the bowl. It added a spot of color in the shiny, clean glass.

Do you remember the smell of clean fresh oil as you filled up the bowl, or the odious smell of an old burned out wick and a smoked shade? Well, I do! It was our weekly chore on the farm to take all the lamps to the back porch and wash them in soapy water, rinse and dry, trip and shape the wicks and fill with oil.

When a small oval chip would drop out of the chimney, mother would hand us some heavy brown paper, scissors, some flour paste and say, "Get to work and patch the shade. We'll make it do until Saturday when Dad gets the weekly supplies." You would cut the paper slightly larger

than the round piece of glass, which you used as a pattern, paste it over the hole and let it dry. It did very nicely for a few nights with that side turned to the wall, but you didn't dare turn the light up as high as it would scorch and split the patch.

Have you ever tried to get your spelling lesson or other studies by "lamp light"? We thought we could see well back then, but turn out your electric lights now and try your lamp light and see how you get along. During the winter months Dad always had a roaring fire in the fireplace and that aided our vision some.

Can you remember coming in sight of home at evening-tide after being away for several days? How welcome the soft lamp light looked from the kitchen window. You knew Mon and the family were near by.

There were small lamps, large lamps, flower sprigged bowls and shades, brass ones, brown patterned ones with raised figures on the sides, and a special parlor lamp which was used only when important company came to visit.

It was a joy to go visiting and spend the night because almost every family had different kinds of lamps with many different histories to enjoy. They would say, "Aunt Lizzie gave me that one," or "That one came from my great, great Aunt Sarah," or "That one was bought the day before Linda was born." No matter what, they were prized possessions.

But just as there are many good warm memories of the old oil lamps, there are some unpleasant ones, too. I can still feel the little stabs of regret and embarrassment when I remember the night I accidentally broke one of my Aunt's shades. She tried to make me think she didn't mind, and I kept trying to explain how it happened.

On a different occasion while visiting another Aunt who was really "penny pinching," I discovered a book I had long wanted to read. After the

evening meal I went to my room, closed the door and settled down to read. Shortly there came a knock on the door and a voice saying, "Little girl, you are burning the oil; put out the lamp and go to bed." I vowed that when I got to be a real grown-up lady I would burn all the oil I pleased, and to heck with saving pennies.

Well, now I am all grown up and have a family of my own. Many changes have come about; power lines everywhere and homes (including mine) with electric conveniences. Now my parents, grandparents, "penny pinching" Aunt, many good neighbors and friends, as well as those old oil lamps, have passed on; but together they taught me to be thrifty and respect other people's property, to be industrious, to add a bit of color to life, to create happiness and to make the best of what I had.

*Leta C. O'Brien
Elizabeth town*

The Question?

I noticed for the first time
as I sat on the patio
late on a mid-September afternoon
clusters of red berries on
the dogwood trees.

And I remembered the
white blossoms
which adorned the trees in April.
Which, I wondered, had the greater
beauty?

I did not know.
Nor did I know how old the
berries were
or how long they would last.

I knew only that in April
there would be blossoms again
and that when they came I
would rejoice.

And I would wonder then
Which is the greater miracle,
the beginning of life's cycle
or its fruition?

Jim Chaney

The Poet's Corner - Verses by Our Readers

Christmas Born of Love

In David's Town that Holy Night
The Star that hovered just above
Sent forth an everlasting light
To light the world with beams of love.
A Christmas light to open eyes
Of sinful men who blindly grope,
A light to help the fallen rise,
A Christmas born of blessed hope!

The ever circling years have brought
The Christmas story o'er and o'er.
In human hearts the Lord hath wrought
Eternal Christmas evermore.
Each Christmas that has come around
Has helped to end disparity.
Believers in their hearts have found
A Christmas born of charity!

'Tis Christmas in the peaceful vale
And Christmas on the stormy height.
'Tis Christmas on the ships that sail
And guide upon the Star tonight.
'Tis Christmas seen in clarity
By light that comes from God above.
'Tis faith and hope and charity,
A Christmas truly born of love!

Paul Ellis Bowman
Rt. 5, Hickory

Poetry vs. Prose

Poetic Verse
However brief,
Light or terse,
Is a relief
From lengthy prose
And words verbose.

Dorothy C. Isbell
Miami, Fla.

The Spider's Cathedral

This morning I passed a flower,
petals wet with sparkling dew,
night had drawn covers back and
a cathedral of webs I viewed.
Between fingers of a flower
spider webs were spun,
etched against the colors under
the rising sun.
Little spiders have a mystery,
it is known only in their heart,
the tiny silver thin tread woven
into works of art.
A webbed cathedral in silhouette
my heart cannot forget.
Its perfection wasn't meant to last,
but its magic lingers yet.

Mrs. Joann M. Denton
Morganton

The author of "Carolina Thanksgiving" in
the Poet's Corner last month was Thelma
Romartie, Rt. 1, White Oak).

The Sun Will Rise Again

As I looked to the hills in Vietnam,
As the sun came down to close the day,
A thought came to my mind:
And it gave me this to say:
"Oh beautiful sun, why do you leave me
In a world like this, so dreary?"
And the voice had this to say:
"Don't worry, the sun will rise again."
Though the battles you fight seem endless,
A brighter day coming soon,
A sun to take away the gloom,
A peaceful world to heal the wound.
The sun will rise again.
I don't know when, but I know
The sun will rise again.

SSG. Alonzo Jones
Batontown, N.J.

Shadow Fear

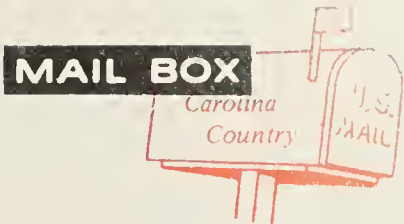
I walk in shadows, shadows follow,
Mistlike forms that close me in,
Ghostlike forms of trees surround,
Branches bending to the ground.
I reach the forest's end and find
The shadows all were in my mind.

Lynn Wheeler
Rt. 2, High Point

When Will The War End?

Absolute knowledge have I none
but my aunt's washerwoman's sister's son
heard a policeman on his beat
say to a laborer on the street
that he had a letter just last week
from a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo
who said the peons in Cuba knew
of a Texas man in a Texas town
who got it straight from a circus clown
who has a son who has a friend
Who knows when the war will end.

Mrs. McKinley Owen, Pisgah Forest
(I memorized this poem in 1917)



Your beautiful Carolina Country,
alias The Carolina Farmer, grows more
attractive, informative and interesting
as it makes its delightful progress into
the wonderful 'ways and means' of
marvelous Carolina. But I have a gripe:
I'm not receiving my copy at the same
time the others come in.

Mrs. L. Frank Stokes
Hamilton

I have been reading Carolina
Country about three years. The
magazine is excellent for these
reasons: diversity and interest of
subjects, readability of format and
print, its particular interest in the
consumer, you might say, "the little
man."

Mrs. Helena B. Laneville
North Williston, Vermont

Enclosed is my check for a
two-year subscription to Carolina
Country. I came across one in a beauty
shop and liked it very much.

Mrs. Anna H. Thomas
Robbins

I look forward to reading my
Carolina Country. It's great.

Mrs. W. D. Rountree
Rt. 2, Bladenboro

Your magazine is getting better all
the time.

Mrs. W. O. Bell
Rt. 1, Statesville

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NameAge
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CityStateZip

How Do Teenagers Feel About 18 Year-Olds Voting?

Voting at 18 is the good idea of someone who felt the same way some of us teenage young men felt about the U.S. Army and politics. That is, giving the privilege of voting to young people who are called upon to shoulder other responsibilities. Making the choice of who we want in the government and who we don't makes a guy my age think about the importance and qualities of a leader, because all too soon that same leader will be examining and classifying us. I felt that it was definitely wrong to wait until 21 to vote when I might be out fighting at 19 or 20.

I hope every 18-year-old will use their votes wisely and with sincerity and thoughtfulness.

Norman Kea
Route 1, Box 50
Currie

Norman is a senior at Atkinson High School. He enjoys dancing, music and basketball. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Kea are served by Four County EMC.

Most teenagers feel that they are going through one of the most important stages of becoming an adult by voting. Teenagers now seem to be getting across to adults what they want—opportunities to make tomorrow's world a more successful one.

Belinda Moore
Route 1, Box 105
Atkinson

Belinda is 15 years old and a sophomore at Atkinson High School. Her favorite pastimes are drawing, singing and meeting people. Mr. and Mrs. Rufus K. Moore, her parents, are served by Four County EMC.

I am 100% for the 18-year-old vote. If guys are old enough to be drafted and die for their country at the age of 18, they should be able to vote for its leaders. Most 18-year-olds are young adults looking for jobs, participating in their communities. Why shouldn't they be able to play a constructive part in what is going on in our nation?

Beverly Haney
Route 4, Box 239
Burnsville

Beverly is a senior at Cane River High School. Her hobbies are listening to rock music and reading. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Haney, are served by French Broad EMC.

I think this idea was a good thing for some people. As for myself, I feel when I reach 18 I will not be qualified enough for voting. Voting to me is a great privilege and should not be abused. I feel that when I am 18 I will not be mature enough to decide who I want to vote for. As far as I'm concerned those who wanted the privilege to vote, can vote, but I will wait until I am prepared fully to take this big step.

Lynna Rose Yokeley
Route 5, Vernon Church Road
Winston-Salem

Lynna is 16 and a junior at Ledford High School. She enjoys basketball, watching football games and taking part in a selected drama class at school. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie F. Yokeley, Jr., are her parents, and they are served by Davidson EMC.

Teen ROUNDTABLE

If you have a good answer, send it to THE TEEN ROUNDTABLE, Carolina Country, P. O. Box 1699, Raleigh, N. C., at once. Tell us a few facts about yourself—your age, school, hobbies, etc. Include your parents' name, and the name of the electric membership corporation serving you. If your answer is published, we will send you \$5.

If you want to submit a question, send it along for our statewide panel to answer. For each question used, the sender will get a \$5 check. Jot yours down and send it to us right away.

NEXT QUESTION

"What do teenagers themselves think of busing as a means to integrate schools?"

This question was submitted by Melissa Easter, who will be receiving \$5 from CAROLINA COUNTRY. Melissa is a senior at Jordan-Matthews High in Siler City. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Easter, are served by Central Electric Membership Corporation.



The American Chicken Farmer

The following story is gleaned from information set down in a 1971 Ralph Nader Task Force report entitled "Sowing the Wind: Pesticides, Meat and the Public Interest." Mr. Nader and others who work with him in his Center for Study of Responsive Law have a habit of angering people. Charges that his group overstates and over-dramatizes abound. It is the author's experience, however, that these Task Forces generally state the truth of things, and for that belief Ted Shepherd offers the following startling and sad saga of a dying breed of farmer.

By Ted Shepherd

Rural Electric News Service

Prior to World War II chicken in America was pretty much a seasonal dish. During the war the American people turned to chicken as a substitute for other meats. From 1939 to 1958 poultry sales increased an average of 14 percent a year. Consumption of chicken rose from 18 pounds per person in 1940 to 39 pounds in 1969. Market specialists estimate the average per-person annual chicken consumption by 1980 will be 45-50 pounds.

Chicken has turned into big business, and big business has turned to chicken. Everything connected in a chicken's biography is handled by corporations—hatching, feed, wholesaling, processing, marketing—with one exception: raising.

Raising is done by the chicken farmer, who provides his land and houses and time and sweat, all under contract.

At one time contract raising of eating chickens seemed a boon-come-true to the farmer. This was in the Fifties, when production centered in several Southern states where there were many unemployed farmers who had land—and almost nothing else.

The prospects of contract farming seemed pleasant indeed. The corporations provided him with feed and chicks and a contract that seemed

to guarantee the farmer against the risks of fluctuations in the free market. Farmers took advantage of this seeming blessing. They signed up to contract farm. And, the corporations took advantage of the farmer.

As late as 1959 nearly 60 percent of the nation's broilers were being grown by independent farmers and sold to large processors for slaughter at prices arrived at in the open market. By 1970 more than 98 percent of chickens raised were under contract to large corporations.

During this period a large number of mergers and acquisitions occurred along with the development of new units within existing feed and processing companies. Feed companies integrated forward to gain a guaranteed market for their feeds. Processing companies integrated backward to control their own purchase costs. The only unit left unintegrated was the farmer himself. The companies saw, correctly, that it would be more profitable to contract with him.

How profitable?

The American Farm Bureau estimates the break-even point for the average chicken farmer is 2.29 cents per pound. In 1969-1970 this farmer received between one and three-quarters and two cents per pound.

A study by Department of Agriculture economists recently reported that poultry growers in northern Alabama work for an average of *minus* 86 cents an hour.

How does he survive? In the short run he survives by living off house and equipment depreciation and/or by going into debt. In the long run he sells out or goes bankrupt.

The contracts put the chicken grower in this situation. They are restrictive almost beyond belief. The

Packers and Stockyards Administration reported in 1967 that the grower frequently has no specific knowledge on the number of chickens the corporation brings him to raise, nor how many are eventually taken away, nor how much they weigh. In all

these matters he must take the corporation's word. He is frequently forbidden to see the USDA condemnation and grading certificates on the chickens he markets—though condemned birds are charged to him.

Moreover, some corporations require that the farmer install expensive equipment—such as automatic feeders and elaborate insulation—as a condition for receiving chicks to raise. These forced expenses plus the low payment further push the farmer into debt.

Is there a way for the farmer to break this condition? An attempt at organized bargaining was tried in northern Alabama in 1970. The corporations refused to meet the farmers in a collective bargaining situation. Under leadership of the National Farm Organization a number of chicken farmers struck, refusing to accept chicks. They demanded higher contract payments and the right to monitor the weighing and inspection of their birds. The companies refused to negotiate with the farmers' representative.

The atmosphere—as those of previous attempts at bargaining—was, to say the least, tense. Some 87 USDA poultry inspectors refused to cross NFO picket lines because of the violent atmosphere. The Inspector General investigated them, judged them to be AWOL, and deprived them of pay. All the inspectors received from the Department was letters of reprimand.

The NFO holding action was temporarily stopped by a court injunction on June 28, and, to quote

Corporate Serf

the Nader report, "has never really recovered."

Other attempts at organized bargaining have met with little better success in other states. The corporations are too strong and the regulatory controls exerted upon them too weak.

The Agricultural Fair Practices Act, passed in 1967, promised to give help to the chicken farmers against unfair trade practices such as boycotts, black lists, contract cutoffs and harassment. As of early 1971 USDA had prosecuted no corporation under the act.

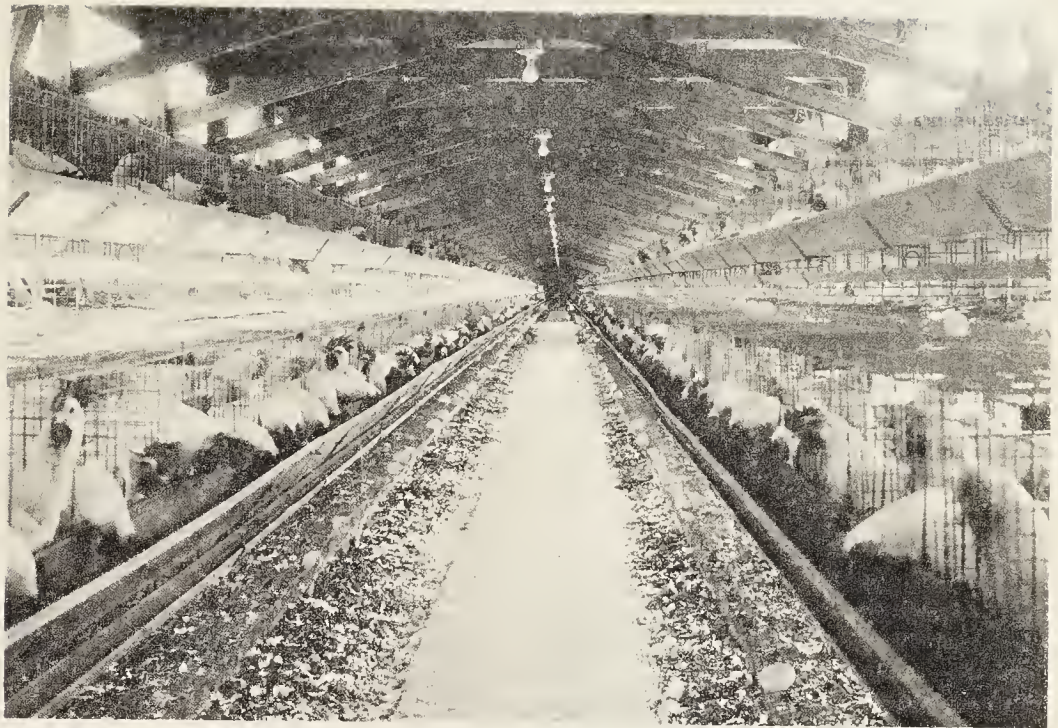
There are bills now pending which would go further in defining and protecting the growers' rights at the bargaining table. They are vigorously opposed by the National Broiler Council and other spokesmen for the integrated corporations.

How the chicken farmer will fare we cannot tell, though we hope that his rights to collective bargaining and decent treatment will be more honored in the future than they have been to the present.

Before we leave this sorrowful situation, however, it is well to see how it relates to the American chicken eater and, ultimately, to all Americans.

Technology has benefited the American chicken eater. Chicken used to cost, in 1950, about \$.60 a pound. In 1970 the price was \$.42 a pound. There are reasons. Excluding the pounds of feed needed by the broiler breeder, it takes 2.4 pounds of feed to produce a pound of chicken—down from 4 to 5 pounds in 1950. And in 1950 it took 10 to 12 weeks to grow a broiler to market weight, while in 1969 the time span had been dropped to 8 to 9 weeks.

But there is a dirty side to technology, too. The chicken that used to run free to scratch until slaughter time now spends its abbreviated life with three other birds



inside a 12' by 18' cage, often enduring a "day" that is, because of dull artificial lighting, 16 hours long.

Moreover, as the number of companies grows smaller, the chances for monopoly and artificial price grow larger.

The corporate farm operation is here to stay. As the report notes, "Dow Chemical now grows catfish in Texas; Purex is growing vegetables on thousands of acres in the Southwest; American Cyanamid and John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company have a joint venture to grow corn, wheat and soybeans on a 35,000-acre farm in North Carolina. Swift, Tenneco, Textron, Campbell

Soups, Ralston Purina, Pillsbury, and Central Soya dominate the beef and chicken industry."

The American Agricultural Marketing Association estimates that 50 percent of American food produced in the period from 1970 to 1980 will come from farmers under contract to corporations, and that in 15 years that percentage will be three quarters of all the food produced.

We do not intend to indict American industry for its entrance into farming and farm processing. We do, however, after viewing the behavior evident in one part of that industry, see what can happen to the farmer.

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HALE!

Overweight

A larger than average woman stepped on the scales, not knowing they were out of order. The indicator stopped at 75 pounds.

A little boy standing by watched her intently. "Whaddaya know," he marveled. "She's hollow!"

Junior Executives

The president of the company was showing a friend through his offices.

They went past a series of small private rooms in which young men were busily hammering away at typewriters.

"These are some of our junior executives," said the company president.

"But they're typing letters," said his friend.

"Sure," replied the president. "I ain't so dumb. I can get junior executives today for half the price I'd have to pay stenographers!"

Hurricane "Ginger"

I overheard my first grade daughter talking to my third grade son about Hurricane Ginger.

She said, "Does Hurricane Ginger have eyes?"

"How do you think she can see," he replied, "if she doesn't have eyes."

Mrs. Gene L. Mehl
Fayetteville, N.C.
South River, EMC

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"Know what I want for Christmas? A credit card like my mommy and daddy have!"

Nervous Wreck

At the end of a driving lesson, the instructor sighed as he studied his nervous lady pupil clutching the wheel.

"We still have a few minutes left," he told her gently. "Shall I show you how to fill in accident forms?"

Picky Eater

A man in a restaurant ordered a fried egg. He told the waitress, "have them fry the white part lightly, making sure the yolk is not very hard. Be sure there's only a small pinch of salt and just a tiny sniff of pepper on it. Oh, yes, and tell them to be sure the pan is not greasy, just a dab of butter in it."

The waitress looked at the man for a long moment and then asked, "is it all right if the hen's name is Doris?"

Professionals Working

A doctor parked his car outside a restaurant the other afternoon and put a note on the windshield reading, "Doctor working inside."

When the doctor finished his lunch and returned to the car, he found a parking ticket with a note attached. "Policeman working outside."

Hen-Pecked

The hen-pecked husband was disappointed when his wife gave birth to a baby daughter.

He told a friend, "I was so in hopes the first child would be a boy. I wanted someone to help me with the housework."

BEST OF BOOKS

THE FLAMING SHIP OF OCRACOKE. By Charles Harry Whedbee. John F. Blair, Publisher, 404 N.C. National Bank Bldg., Winston-Salem, N.C. 27101. 133 pages. \$4.95.

The Outer Banks is as rich in stories as it is in charm. The stories may not all be true. Many, in fact, are legends, but all are fascinating and as distinctive to the Banks as its dunes, sea oats, wind-shaped trees, its people and their villages.

Charles H. Whedbee knows the stories well, as well as he knows the Outer Banks, and he tells them in such a way that reading them is like hearing them told by one of the Outer Banks' many colorful personalities in picturesque Ocracoke or on a Hatteras wharf.

The author, a frequent visitor to the Outer Banks, is a district court judge in Greenville.

The title story is typical of the book's content. Every September, according to Outer Banks legend, on the first night of the new moon, a flaming ship sails three times past the Ocracoke coast, always moving swiftly toward the northeast, always with a wailing sound.

Illustrations by Virginia Ingram capture the mood and add to the book's attractiveness. The cover illustration, in color, shows the flaming ship. The interior illustrations are woodcut drawings.

Judge Whedbee, who produced "Legends of the Outer Banks and Tar Heel Tidewater" five years ago, says in his foreword:

"Some of the stories are true. Some contain no more than, maybe, a germ of truth or a spark of native islander wisdom. But in the words of one who lived many years ago on this magic strand and loved the ways and beliefs of its often heroic people, it can only be said:

"I do not say what I want to be,
I only tell what was told to me."

(The review of Sam Ragan's book, "To The Water's Edge," last month failed to list the price: \$4.95 — it can be purchased from Moore Publishing Co., Box 3143, Durham, N.C. 27705.

The Christmas Story

(Continued from page 8)

"I am."

Jane climbed down off the stepladder. She had implied that which was not-so. Yet she was glimpsing something important that was so. It was so that her mother was wearing old shoes in order that her child might have toy music. It was so that her father had refused to buy himself a new hat so that Jimmy might have a checked cap and an air rifle and trinkets. It was so, the wonder and goodness of Christmas —

"I am satisfied," she said resolutely. "I know there is a Santa Claus."

"You do?" Jimmy's face brightened.

She nodded. Jimmy was not even nine yet.

"Well." He sighed contentedly.

After a moment he added lustily. "You know where we saw the reindeer tracks last Christmas?"

"Yes," she said.

"We got to clear the dead leaves out from under the little cedar tree!" We got to get this ladder back in the closet, and then we got to get the yard brooms and sweep fast, fast —!" In frenzied elation Jimmy seized the ladder.

"Stop!" Jane rushed forward to take the ladder from him. "It's too heavy a load for you to carry. You'll hurt yourself!" she scolded.

Her voice was kind.

Archie Bunch

(Continued from page 9)

Archie Bunch sees a great future for recreation in rural areas of North Carolina.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "one of the best places to start is right here in the Sandhills area of North Carolina."

Don't be surprised if in the not too distant future you learn about such a development. And if you see the name of Archie Bunch among the planners, don't be surprised either.

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EPIC Names Executive

EPIC (Electric Power in Carolina), Inc., the corporation formed by North Carolina's electric membership corporations and Electricities to assure their consumers and the state of adequate low cost power, has taken another step forward.

It now has an operating executive and offices in Raleigh to carry out its plans for constructing generating plants and transmission systems to serve member EMCs and municipalities. Its plans contemplate co-operation, coordination and inter-connections with power companies.

The operating executive is Gary Tabak, appointed by EPIC's Board of Directors as executive vice president. Tabak, 31, formerly served as counsel on the staff of Texas Rep. Wright Patman's staff in Washington. He holds an electrical engineering degree from the University of Pennsylvania and a law degree from George Washington University. He has moved his family from Washington and began his duties Nov. 1. His headquarters are EPIC's offices at 1330 St. Mary's Street, Raleigh.

Tabak will run the EPIC office, oversee legal, engineering and public



Gary Tabak

relations and coordinate all efforts to achieve EPIC's goals.

Mayor Ferd Harrison of Scotland Neck, EPIC board member and chairman of the executive vice president committee, said the committee had chosen an outstanding man for the position. He pointed out that Tabak, in addition to being an electrical engineer and lawyer, had experience with the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association.

UNITED STATES ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION

DOCKET NOS. 50-404 AND 50-405

VIRGINIA ELECTRIC AND POWER COMPANY

Notice of Receipt of Application for Construction Permits and Operating Licenses

The Virginia Electric and Power Company, 700 East Franklin Street, Richmond, Virginia 23209, pursuant to Section 103 of the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, as amended, has filed an application, dated September 15, 1971, for authorization to construct and operate two additional nuclear reactors, designated as the North Anna Power Station Units No. 3 and No. 4, on the applicant's site in Louisa County, Virginia.

The site is located south of the North Anna River, approximately twenty-four miles southwest of Fredericksburg, forty miles north-northwest of Richmond, and thirty-eight miles east of Charlottesville, Virginia. The reactors will be located adjacent to North Anna Power Station Units No. 1 and No. 2 on a peninsula in a reservoir that is to be formed when an earthen dam is constructed approximately five miles southeast of the site.

The proposed nuclear power plant will consist of two pressurized water reactors, each of which is designed for initial operation at approximately 2631 thermal megawatts with a gross electrical output of approximately 950 megawatts.

Information on procedures in connection with the antitrust review of the application may be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the Atomic Energy Commission, Washington, D. C. 20545.

A copy of the application is available for public inspection at the Commission's Public Document Room, 1717 H Street, N.W., Washington, D. C., and at the Office of the Board of Supervisors, Louisa County Courthouse, Louisa, Virginia 23093.

Dated at Bethesda, Maryland, this 5th day of October, 1971.

FOR THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION

Peter A. Morris, Director
Division of Reactor Licensing

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